

ly modified institution from what it formerly was; that the severity of the servitude is every year becoming less and less. No stronger proof of which fact can be given than this—there are hundreds and thousands of men and women who were born and educated in New England and the free States, who were in sentiment abolitionists before they left home, whose greatest objection to seeking their fortunes in the south was the existence of slavery, who have satirized

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Fast Memories.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of these
Old boys which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fullness of the heart and mind,
As when I learned to hear the speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overflows,
And memories of sweet summer eve,
Of moonlight waltz and willow way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tears more dear than they.

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled,
My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very earnestness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in me;
I too can smile, when'er I hear
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainlier than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought,
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee, the grace
Of woman's smile and beauty brought,
On life's rough path, for blame and praise,
The school-boy's name has widely flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed,
Our still diverging paths incline;
Thine, the Geneva's sternest creed,
Of woman's smile and beauty brought,
On life's rough path, for blame and praise,
The school-boy's name has widely flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has never out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow of the past, I see
Lingering e'er thy way about,
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its best hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

From the New York Evening Post.
The Mountain Man, and the Ghost's Story.

A FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

By far the largest share of Mr. Dickens's admirers will be disappointed with this story, for, as if determined to give prominence to its moral, he has shaded off and retreated, if we may use the expression, that inimitable humor, and those felicities of style and of fancy which constitute the engrossing attraction of his previous works. He seems to have chosen his moral, and then to have planned and written a story to illustrate it. Of course, therefore, as a story, it lacks flexibility and naturalness occasionally, and its characters lack the personality which belongs in common to most of the creations of Dickens and of Shakespeare. Whether, however, the enjoyment which this is calculated to give will be less than his previous works of the same dimensions have been accustomed to yield, will depend more, perhaps, upon the mental and moral constitution of the reader, than upon anything else. The moral of the book is a profound one, and when recognized by the reader, he will inevitably be delighted with the skill with which it is presented, but if it be not appreciated fully, the book will be considered heavy, inartistic and purposeless.

Without designing to diminish the interest of the reader by revealing the plot of the story, we will take the chance of interesting some who may not see the book, by giving a brief sketch of the author's purpose and the process by which he has elaborated it.

It was the aim of the book to show how large a share of our happiness and comfort in life we derive from the remembrance of our sorrows, our wrongs, and our privations, and the wrench edness which would follow the erasure of those experiences, both to the victim, and the circle in which he moved.

The hero of the story, if it may be said to have any, around whom the sentiment of the book revolves, is Mr. Redlaw, the chemist, who, neglected in youth, by his parents, and miserable poor, had striven and suffered until he had hewed out knowledge from the mine where it was buried, as he says, and made ragged steps thereof for his worn feet to rest and rise on.

No mother's self-denying love, no father's counsel aided him, he says. "A stranger came into my father's place when I was but a child, and I was early an alien from my mother's heart. My parents, at the best, were of that sort whose care soon ends, and whose duty is soon done; who cast their offspring loose, early, as birds do their chicks; and, if they do well, claim the merit, and, if ill, the pity."

In his struggle on through life, he experienced the treachery of friends, and the bitterness of those sorrows which follow irremediable calamity. And at the time when he is introduced to the reader, he is brooding over all these miseries, which his memory preserved with fatal fidelity. A phantom which unnecessarily complicates the machinery of the story, and is mere, by the reflection of his misanthropic reflections, arrays before him all of the past that could make memory seem a curse to him, and he prays to forget his sorrow, his wrong, and his trouble.

"I have the power," said the phantom, "to cancel their remembrance—to leave but very faint, confused traces of them, that will die out soon." "Say! Is it done?"

"Say!" cried the haunted man, arresting by a terrified gesture the uplifted hand, "I tremble with distrust and doubt of you; and the dim fear you cast upon me deepens into a nameless horror. I can hardly bear. I would not deprive myself of any kindly reflection, or any sympathy that is good for me, or others. What shall I lose if I assent to this? What else shall pass from my remembrance?"

"No knowledge; no result of study; nothing but the intertwined chain of feelings and associations, each in turn dependent on, and nourished by, the banished recollections.—Those will go."

"Are they so many?" said the haunted man, reflecting in alarm.

"They have been wont to show themselves in the fire, in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night, in the revolving years," returned the phantom, scornfully.

"In nothing else?"

"The phantom held its peace. But, having stood before him, silent, for a little while, it moved towards the fire, then stopped.

"Say," said the spectre, "is it done?"

"A moment longer!" he answered, hurriedly. "I would forget it if I could! Have I thought that, alone, or has it been the thought of thousands upon thousands, generation after generation? All human memory is fraught with sorrow and trouble. My memory is as the memory of other men, but other men have not this choice. Yes, I close the bargain. Yes! I will forget my sorrow, wrong, and trouble!"

"Say," said the spectre, "is it done?"

"It is." And take this with you, man whom I here renounce! The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself, the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier, in its other memories without it. Go! Be its benefactor! Free from such remembrance, from this hour carry involuntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you. Go! Be happy in the good you have won and in the good you do!"

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"He looked confusedly upon his hands and limbs, as if to be assured of his identity, and then shouted in reply, loudly and wildly: for there was a strangeness of terror upon him, as if he too were lost.

"The cry responded, and being nearer, he caught up the lamp, and raised a heavy curtain in the wall, by which he was accustomed to pass into and out of the theatre where he lectured, which adjoined his room.

Associated with youth and animation, and a high amplitude of faces, which his entrance charmed to interest in a moment, it was a ghastly place when all this life was faded out of it, and stared upon him like an emblem of Death.

"Halloo!" he cried. "Halloo! This way! Come to the light!" When, as he held the curtain with one hand, and with the other raised the lamp and tried to pierce into the gloom that filled the place, something rushed past him into the room like a wild cat and crouched down in a corner.

"What is it?" he said hoarsely.

He might have asked "What is it?" even had he seen it well, as presently he did, when he stood looking at it, gathered up in its corner.

A bundle of tatters, held together by a hand, in size and form almost an infant's, but in its greedy, desperate little clutch, a bad old man's. A face rounded and smothered by some half dozen years, but pinched and twisted by the experience of a life. Bright eyes, but not youthful. Naked feet, beautiful in their childish delicacy—ugly in the blood and dirt that cracked upon them.

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"Got none."

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"Live! What's that?"

The boy shook his hair from his eyes to look at him for a moment, and then, twisting round his legs and wrestling with him, broke again into his repetition of "You let me go, will you? I want to find the woman."

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